

Now that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afore I But Chris'mas in the city here-it's different, the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy,

there's buyen', pleaty of it, of a lot o gor

An' it takes a mint o' money to please modern Why, I mind the time a pok-knife an' a tofy-lump for me Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' shock full

Chris'mas gies. An' there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these

study on city falk!

Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar's a't crack a love.

Then remember how the tables looked all srowded with your kin.

When you couldn't hear a whiatle blow across the merry dia!

You see I'm so old-fashioned-like I don't care much for style,

And to eat your Chris'mae banquets here I
wouldn't go a mile;
Pd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb dia-

With real old friends than turkle soup with all There's my next-door neighbor Gurley-fancy how his brows 'u' d'lit' 19 Pd holier: "Merry Chris'mast Caught, old fellow, Chris'mas gift!" Lerdy-Lord, Pd like to try it! Guess he'd

nearly have a fit. Hang this city atifiness, anyways, I can't get used to it. Then your heart it kept a swellin' till it nearly bu'st your slife,

As' by night your jaws were achin' with your
smile four inches wide,

As' your enemy, the wo'st one, you'd just grab
his hand, an' say!

Mebbe, folk of us was wrong, John, Come,
let's shake. It's Chris'mas day!"

Eighty Sede Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each now false brings a scot-flake for a
brother as it falls;
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! As' I'm pinin',

don's you know, For a good old-tashioned Chris'mas like we had



is in the Wahsatch moun-

ins about thirty miles, as the crow flies, or is supposed to fly, from Salt Lake City, the famous capital of the

Six years ago the residents of Lanston's Glen were, without exception, "Gentiles," as the non-members of the "Church of Latter-Day Saints" are as to things Mormon up to the present is among themselves, is a small mining town on the edge of a canyon, far beneath the depths of which a rich silver lode was discovered in 1881 by a young mining engineer named Frank Hobart, who had been educated at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city of Philadelphia, and who came

west to seek his fortune.

Lanston's Glen was by no means an inviting place. Huts of stone and adobe, in comparison with which the irregularly set and ragged army tents palatial, constituted the principal abodes of the inhabitants. "The Grand Occidental hotel," owned and "run" by Capt. Lanston, was the most preten tions building in the place. That it had grown, rather than been built from any original design, was evident in the many little additions and wings of stone and adobe, and even of canvas, that had been added to it from time to

A plain covered with dazaling expanses of snow-white alkali, interspersed here and there with patches of serid erecorte, and brittle, olive-colored sage-brush, stretched away for six miles on either hand to the mighty mountain wall that appeared to shut the strange place in from the outer

Although Frank Hobart, who was a tail, handsome, modest fellow, had disan excuse for being, yet he declined to have it named after him, preferring the name which was finally adopted because Capt. Lanston's wife was the first white woman who had ever set foot there: though, encouraged by her bubbless, many of the miners subse-quently brought their wives from the

Ella Lauston was fifteen when she necommanied her father and mother to the Gien, and from the very first her fresh beauty and graceful ways, not to mention a voice of phenomenal sweetness, went to her side even the roughest of the minera and all the Chinamen, who had been brought in as serv-

Capit. Lanaton had been a soldier. and though to doubt, a good one, he was a cough, hardy man, more sulted to ablee in the campi than in the par for, and his otherwise excellent wife

was much the same sort of a character. Frank Hobert was ten years older town Eller not a great disparter, to be sure, but authorate in his modest opiniers, to provide his thinking of the 'sage-brash belle," or "rage brush significance," as some of her more ronotic admirers called her, in any

his position being that of mine superin-tendent for the company working the property he had discovered, and this gave him an excellent opportunity to see much of the child, and to direct her

atudies in his spare hours.

These relations between Frank Hopart and Ella continued for two years, she proving herself to be a bright and grateful pupil, and he manfully hiding from her and the world the new and powerful feeling that such association had developed in his big, generous heart. By the time she was seventeen, Ella Lanston had become the toast of every mining camp for fifty-miles about, and more than one rich gallant had laid his heart and his fortune at her feet.

Mrs. Lanston, who had been a wife since her sixteenth year, would have insisted on her daughter's marriage at this time, had not Frank Hobart induced the parents to send her for two years to the best young ladies' seminary at Denver.

'Frank Hobart mout a-married that gal, if he'd jest had the cheek to tell her that he loved her, as he most sargets the Cap'n and Mrs. Lauston ter

the formation of whose character he had welcomed Ella and bade her "a might have an influence for good. He merry Christmas" eight hours in adhim from going over to where she sat beside Howard Ford, and shaking hands again, while he said:

"Miss Elia, me and the rest of yer friends has been a-noticin' that you and Frank Hobart's kinder geein' off from sich other, and that you ain't danced together to-night. Now the supper'll be ready in half an hour, and before that time, if you'd go up and ax Frank to be yer pard for one round, it'd please us very much."

Howard Ford looked shocked at this proposition, and an expression of doubt, then of pleasure, came into the fine gray eyes of the "sage brush belle." Bowing, by way of apology, to the young man who had meropolized he" that evening, she took Sam Brit-ton's strong arm, and he led her to where Frank stood.

"Mr. Hobart," she said, and her love ly face flushed and her eyes were downcast, "if you will not ask me to dance with you, our friends think I should ask you to dance with me."

"So we do," said Sam Britton, before Frank could recover his confusion. "Now hau! him out to the head of the kortillion, and everyone'll allow you



" MAKE READT TO LOWER HE DOWN!"

send Ella off ter school at the other | two's the handsomest kipple at the side of the world. When she comes back in two year, she won't know Frank or no one else in the Glen, and the chances is a thousand ter one that she'll be engaged to some dandy dude or eastern tenderfoot."

This is what Sam Britton, the min-ing boss, said to his friends after Ella had gone with her father and Frank to Denver, and that is what all the min-

Time flies fast with the aged and the busy. It was Christmas eve, 1886, and Lanston's Glen was in a state of great excitement. The "sagebrush belle" was coming over on the stage that evening from Salt Lake City, and one and all agreed to have a ball at the Grand Occidental hotel in honor of her

During Ella's absence Frank Hobart had visited Denver once, but the camp gossips were quite sure that he and the young lady corresponded. "But I'll bet," Sam Britton would say, "that Frank ain't never had the spunk to set down in black and white the four words: 'Ella, I love you.'" And Sam

was quite right.
Capt. Lanston went to Denver to bring his daughter home, and it was understood before he left that Howard Ford, the son of the president of the mine, who lived in Colorado City and at whose home Ella had been a visitor. would come back with them. Frank Hobart brought, at his own expense, a band from Salt Lake, to play at the ball; and the day before Christmas eve he drove into the mountains with his Chinese servant and cut evergreens to

decorate the dining and ball rooms. When the stage drove up with Ella, her father and young Howard Ford, it was greeted with a grand salute from every gun and pistol in the glen. All the miners were dressed in their best, though this did not prevent a preponderance of red shirts; and, following Sam Britton's lead, they gave three cheers and a tiger for the "sagebrush

Ella had grown taller and more come ly, if that were possible. Two years of careful culture and intellectual association had destroyed the somewhat hoydenish expression of her face, and so rather repelled her old admirers, with whom heartiness and a bolsterons recognition went hand in hand.

"I wouldn't give shucks for Frank Hobart as a lover," growled Sam Brit-ton, after Frank had lifted Elia from the stage. "Why, he didn't even kis her, after these years and all he's done; and now she comes back this blessed Christmas eve with a dude, jest as I said she would, two year ago." As compared with the rough miners in and about the hotel at the glen Mr. Howard Ford was a fashionable exquisite. Although under medium height, and five years Frank Robert's junior, he was not bad looking, and, being the mine president's son, he was at this moment the most important man at Lanston's Glen.

There were tall, wholesome, brightaved girls by the score from the Glen and the surrounding mountain settlements at the Grand Occidental hotel this Christmas eve, and although the ball and banquet in Elia's honor might be lacking in some of the refinements essential in the fashionable world, they were distinguished for a heartiness and a freshness of enjoyment that put ev-

Why don't you go up and dance with Ella?" said Sam Britton to the young superintendent, after the dance been going on for some time. "That little dude has kept her all to hisself ever since the frolin began.".

"I haven't danced since I was a boy, said Frank, who, from his position at the farther end of the room, had been following with his brave brown eyes every movement of Ella. "Want, I think yer as good a denoce

as most of the hoys her, and, of you don't ax Rila blamed of I don't git her to an you." And before Frank could think of protesting flam Britton had

The mining town had planty of accuration, and he firmly believed that if the young superintendent had more of the market his recent he

Like one in a dream, Frank Hobard felt the thrilling touch of Ella's hand on his arm, and, quite sure that he was about to disgrace himself in her eyes, he took his place beside her at the head of the set, while other couples came laughing to the floor.

The band leader tapped his bow on his violin as a signal to the musicians and the dancers. The salute was given, and the quick first bars of "Haste to the Wedding" swelled out; but suddenly the music ceased, and the dancers stood spellbound, with ashy faces.

shout of men. "There are eleven men still down!"

shricked a woman. There was no indecision about Frank Hobart now. Without a word he sprang from Ella's side, shouting as he flew to the door: "Follow me to the

mine, boys!"
Like a mountain lion he leape ahead and dashed down the winding steps cut in the precipitous side of the canyon, at the bottom of which was the opening of the mine shaft, from which a fountain of smoke was shooting up.

Men followed with lanterns and torches. The festivities for that Christ mas eve were over till it was known that the men in the mine were safe. The women, Ella at their head, ran down to the canyon, their faces looking aged and white in the light of the

"Make ready to lower me down" shouted Frank Hobart as he leaped into the bucket, "and stand by to haul up and answer signals!"

"I'll go with you!" cried Sam Britten "No; let some man come who has no wife or mother or loved one dependent A tall young man in a very red shirt

sprang to Frank's side. The engine was started, and the bucket sank into the shaft, now vomiting forth hot smoke like a volcano. "Let me take you home, Miss Elln;

This is no place for you," said Howard Shaking his hand from her arm with an impatient gesture, she answered: "Near him is my place, in life or in

death." Minutes of awful anxiety, then the aignal: "Haul away!" The chain flew about the drum, the bucket flew up through the shaft, and six men, all the bucket could hold-six burned and blackened men, but, still living, thank God!-were lifted out.

"Lower away-quick!" gasped one of the rescued. Down through the shaft the bucket

rattled again. A few minutes, that seemed like hours of awful anxiety. and once more the signal came up: Up, up; six men, blacker and more

burned, were lifted out. Where is Frank Hobart?" shouted

The car would only hold six. Hemade us get in," said the man who had gone down with the young superintendent.

A group of horror rang through the ernwd and Ella tottered towards the bucket, as if to get in.

"God helping me. [7] bring him up! Lower away, boys!" Sam Britton, with his wife's shawl about his head and face and her cry ringing in his ears, leaped into the bucket and it vanished into the furnace as if hy force of

More minutes, that seemed like hours, and the signal, a faint one this time, for the fire was gaining, was given: "Haul away!"

When the basket came up Nam. Britton tottered out and with parehed lips

They lifted the blackened form out, sould the shricks of the women and the grouns of the men. The sysa appeared be gone, and the smoking rags dropped from his limbs as they laid him on a strutcher and hurried him to his room in the hotel.
Fortunately, there were two
present from heighboring

amining the injuries and easing the awful pain of the young man, who was now quite conscious, though he could

only speak in whispers. From the instant of his rescue Ella had not left his side; and now, when the doctors had bathed him in lotions and covered his poor blistered face with a moistened cloth, she asked:

"Is there hope?" "I think he will pull through," said one of the doctors, "but I fear he can never use these again;" and he pointed to his eves.

"O Frank!" she cried as she kissed the bandaged hands. "You brought me light when I was in darkness, and gave me love when my heart hungered; and now, if it be God's will, my eyes shall be your eyes, and my hands your hands, and my life your life!"

And the striking of a bell on the mantel told that Christmas eve bad gone and Christmas day had come.

Exactly one year afterward there were again grand preparations for a fete at Lauston's Glen. Frank Hobart and the girl who had married him when his future seemed so black were returning from the cast They had been there for ten months, where the foremost oculists had charge of the case.

News came that Frank's sight was restored, and that, except for the cruel scars, that enhanced his beauty to his wife, he was, as Sam Britton put it: Better than new."

There never had been such a ball and panquet in those mountains, and never will be again. Frank and his beautiful wife led the dance, and when midnight came the miners and their wives and daughters placed them in the center of a joyous, whirling circle, and shouted from the beart's depths:

"A 'Merry Christmas,' and a 'Happy New Year' to the 'sage-brush belle' and Frank, and to all who love brave, honest folk!"-Alfred R. Calhoun, in Demorest's Magazine.

HARD ON THE STOMACH. Instances Showing Its Powers with Star-

The human stomach possesses most wonderful powers of adaptation to circumstances. When Lieut. Bligh and his eighteen men were cast off from the Bounty by the mutineers in an open boat they subsisted forty-one days on a daily allowance of one-twenty-fifth of a pound of biscuit per man and a quarter of a pint of water. Dr. Tanner in 1880

Kaffirs, North American Indians, and the "fat boy" in "Pickwick" may well be quoted as fearful examples of voracity, but even their gastronomic feats are exceeded by the full-grown Esquimau, who will eat daily twenty pounds of flesh and oil if he has a chance, while on the authority of Admiral Saritcheff a Yakut of Siberla has been known to consume in twenty-four hours the hindquarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a quantity of melted butter for



Mamie-Let's play it's Christmas, and I'll be Santa Claus. Minnie-All right. Then you'll come

and give me a whole lot of beautiful Mamie-Will I? Oh, no, Minnie: I'll let you be Santa Claus, as you are my guest -Golden Days.

Hints for Christme Don't ask your child what he wants unless you intend giving it to him. Though money makes the mare go,

it makes Santa Claus come. Don't buy your best girl a present on the installment plan, as she might jilt you before you had made all the pay-

Rub the price mark off the pres unless it is an expensive one. If you wish to surprise your girl never ask her what she would like for

Christmas. At Christmas time it is well enough

to ape the English as far as the plum pudding is concerned. Some persons never wish you a merry Christmas unless they think

they will get something for doing so. The bachelor who puts his thumb into the boarding-house Christmas pie is apt to pull out a collar button .-

Out of Small Change.

The financial straits of Italy are growing worse from day to day. Coin is decreasing at a rate as rapid as to cause universal consternation and inconvenience in trade. Storekeepers are issuing otes payable at sight in their stores. These notes vary in amounts from a quarter dollar to a few cents, some beng as low as two cents. Instead of allowing this natural means for tiding over the calamitous period to proceed unnoticed, the police have at some ing upon the privilege of the crown by making money. Public opinion is in favor of allowing tradesmen to continue in the course. But no one can say what the end of the police prosecutions will be, nor how and when the calamity will

An ingenious fraud was recently com litted in Victoria, New South Wales. man claiming to be a telegraph operator ingratiated himself into the favor of a postmistress in a country district and took advantage of the opportunity hy telegraphing two money order telegrams to Mellamene to pay two sums of am. His accomplice in Melbaurne applied at the post office and received the oney in each case.

Mand-I went with Miss Steam towing to look at a bestyness set; it was pretty but also wentletet take it. Ethel - Way not?

GRAVES IN A TREE

How the Navajo Sends Her Baby to its Final Sleep.

STORY OF A TRANCE SLEEPER

The Secret of Oursy-A Grave at the Bottom of the Stram - Odd Characteristics of Chiefs.

If it be true that we originally sprang from trees, and like those human verd-antiques there is as much of the human race under ground as above it. then the pine tree is the true ambush out of which the shade of the sable indian sprang and back to whose closed tent he retires when his tent on earth is struck. The totems, the watens, the masonry of the medicine bag are all inclosed in its burial urn and the Druidical legends of aboriginal destiny sealed in the chronicles of its apocryphal books. The pine tree is the true Indian funeral tree. It keeps the ghost of the dead fed at its grapary and the memory of the departed green in the tropics of



THE PINE TREE SEPULCHER.

fasted for forty days, subsisting, it is said, on water alone, and Succi and its midday twilight to a moon of days, and, bowed with snow, holds in its mysterious spell the leafy shut of summer. It is the ululant tree. What a weird reflection of sounds

plays in its muffled harp!—the low sigh as the dream breath of the zephyr stirs in it; the pathetic moan as the swell of the breeze phrases its rising and falling cadences; the long drawn wail of the wind as it blows down the echoing can yon; the howl of the red savage as the fury of the blast amites its wry head and seams its twisted trunk! It is fur-tive, stealthy, secluded. It listens. It points with tasselled finger tips to the wizardry of its black sandals on the snowy turf. There is a whisper, a cry, a step in its strewn shadows. It is the leveled to the ground and the spot silhouette of old night. The dusk face abandoned. If the deceased has no burial trait of the pine tree which has been strangely overlooked even by dendrological writers. It is the secret process of embalming, particularly in a dry, rainless air, which, preserving a corpse, makes it a true mummy cave. To this melancholy tree the Navajo mother goes on only one errand-to

bury a stillborn child. The twilight of a winter day tinged the deep ravine as I rode down the steep trail along the dizzy precipice into the canyon below. I was superbly mounted on a little trained horse, who, pricking his ears and putting his nose toward the ground, smelled out the dim trail in the evening of the forest like a keen pointer. A little behind me rode the gallant young guide, Hunt, fully armed and feurless alike by day or night in the wide detour we were making through the Indian country. Suddenly my horse stopped, pricked for-ward his fine ears and snifed suspi-

ciously. "He scents something," said the guide. I was about to give him his head and bid him go on when, raising my eyes on seeing the sagacious animal lift his muzzle and sniff the air again



I saw a dark, queer-looking object stretched from limb to limb about half way up a pine tree that stood just be-

"What is that?" I asked the guide, pointing to it at the same time with my The guide, following the direction of my hand, looked up at the tree and ex-

That is an Indian grave. See, it is the grave of a child. They bury a stillborn child in a pine tree." Born dead," I replied; "a mother's

strangest sorrow." Determined to satisfy myself thor oughly about a thing which is considered the most curious mortuary custom of any Indian tribe, I dismounted from my horse, who had secured for me by his keen sense the opportunity of seeing what I had beard about but never found, and, leaving the well-trained creature standing unfastened on the trail, approached the tree. As I did so I saw that the object was plainly a little parfects, blanketed and skied with burial beards, one of which had fallen to the ground. I also saw that the branches of the tree leading up to the burial case were barked near the trunk, one above another, as if they had been alimbed by the feet of persons anxious to see such a rare and peculiar object of surjustry. In ascending the tree limb by limb I reached, at last, the little ave. A jealous grow gailed out overad to me as I bent over it schrohingiv. Nore enough, there lay the little whitened skeleton. Some of the boses were mining, but still enough re-mained to tall the

through which it peeped out at me partially dragged apart, probably by some persistent bird of prey, but the case boards with their holes, through which the cords were passed that held them together, still pressed the tiny stranger, whose little form had met the strange mystery of death at the very

Descending from the tree I picked up the fallen case board with the cord holes in it, and climbing my horse renewed

my journey.
"Born dead!" "Born dead!" Those words kept ringing in my cars as the

Scarcely had I left the spot when a oud undulating sound, hardly less human than the broken sobs of the mother herself, called loudly over the little stretcher out of the top of the pine tree.

It was certainly a startling coinciwith that stretched grave before him, he would have hurried from the spot, filled as he is with superstitions about the dead, and, salling it "bad medi-cine," refilled his medicine bag with a new charm secret. But an Indian never revisits the grave of a stillborn child.

I recognized the sound instantly as the familiar voice to me of the screech owl, who, lingering round the remains of the dead, broods like an evil spirit in such haunted places, repeating in this instance, however, the death knelling dirge that would have been uttered by the Navajo mother had her soul passed into the ominous bird at the death of her little one.

The pitch of the terebonthine tree, as I have since learned, is prime death medicine. It is in the medicine bag. All the mortuary customs of Indian tribes may be summed up in the tale of

the pine tree. The burial of the dead among the Narajos is peculiar to themselves. A resemblance only to their mortuary cus-toms is to be found among the Round Valley Indians, of California, the Kagonlas and Billoxis, of Louisians, and the Indians of Virginia. The Navajo, however, is the more unique. The house is the grave. The body is buried just where it dies As soon as death takes place a shallow grave is scooped in the center of the hogan. In this grave the body is placed by the nearest relatives, who previously smear their bodies with tar from the pinion tree in order to protect themselves against the evil influence of the devil's work. This



tance in the tribe, no grave is dug, but the hogan simply pulled down over the body. A Navajo would sooner freeze than kindle a fire with the logs of a fallen hogan. I have seen these mor tuary hogans in the mountains. The survivors smear themselves on the forehead and under the eyes with tar as a sign of mourning. When it wears off it is not put on again, and the name of the dead is never mentioned. In case for any reason the body be removed from the hogan it is buried in clefts of rock, and stones piled over it, and the hogan and all in it are burned up. Old people, when all hope is gone, are often abandoned in the brush and left to die of starvation alone. The only instance of burial in a tree is a stillborn child. This custom among the Navajos accounts for the absence of any architectural development in the construc-tion of their houses. They are built to be brought down or burned.

The eastern Indians, as a general rule, buried their dead in the ground, often on the tops of hills, with stone encircled mounds raised alightly over shallow graves, in which the trappings of the dead were buried with them, and sometimes in the case of a chief his favorite horse. Sometimes the grave of a great war chief was covered with arge slablike stones thrown on by each brave for a certain period of time as he passed the spot. The body was generally buried in a sitting posture; four day fires were lighted to lamp the departed on his way, according to the sacred numeral four, among all Indians. The Montauks of Long Island and other kindred tribes buried their dead in this way. The Mohawks of New York dug a large, round hole in which the body was placed in a sitting or upright posture. Wampum and trappings and paint were all put on the dead. This grave was covered over with timber to support the earth laid upon it, which they raised into a gentle mound.

Thus the body was not pressed by the clay. The Delawares in New Jer-sey buried their dead in pits and under rocks. The Carolina Indians have an expensive and prolonged ceremonial. The corpse is first placed in a cane burdle and then put into an outhouse where it is kept carefully guarded for a day and a night. At the end of that time the first living brave met by the mourners is robbed of his blanket. In this the dead is wrapped and then corered with two or three cane mats. The coffin is woren of cames fastened at both ends securely. Then the corpse is carried into the pench or hard and there laid in a second hurdle. The family and friends circle round. The medirine man then propounces an elaborate rulogy, recounting the valor, skill, palotism, exploits and influence of the deceased. The corpse is then carried by four pall-bearers, selected from the young braves, from the hurdle to the grave, which is about six feet deep and eight feet long. At each end of the prave stands, deep driven down, a pine sitchfork. The bottom of the grave i then covered with bark. The corpse is then lowered very slow-

ly by two belts, with which the Indians carry their bardens. A ridgepole is then laid across the grave in the forks and then resided over with pitch pine logs. These are covered over and burk, on which the earth dup from the grave is thrown and benten down. Thus the body lies in a rault, nothing to ing it, practically municified by the embalming pitch process of the pine. After a time the body is exhaused, the

The dead was spoken to by medicina men, who sped him on his way. The Sacs and Foxes observe this manner of burial in their mortuary customs. The Otoe and Missouri tribes followed somewhat this mode of burial, with slight variations. The Indian women out their hair off. Then the relatives danced tomahawk to drive away the

eath spirit.
The Pimas of Arisona bury their dead by night. Sometimes after the graves are dug the sick recover. In that case are dug the sick recover. In that case the grave is always left open till the person dies. The piace of burial is always, if possible, in a grove of measurement of the personal effects of the husband when he dies impoverishes the bride. As a consequence women do not care to have many children and infanticide prescribs to a great arisent. The Yukin

have many children and infanticide prevails to a great extent. The Yukis of California adopt the same custom.

The Comanches of the Indian arritory adopt precisely the other extreme-Before a person dies his knees are doubled up and the head bent down upon the knees. The dying person is roped firmly in this position. A blanket is wrapped round the body and roped. The body is then placed in a sitting posture in a saddle on a pony, for a Comanche is all horsemanship to the last, a squaw riding behind to hold the body up. As soon as the grave is body up. As soon as the grave is reached the corpse is literally tumbled in. The grave is found generally at the heads of canyons or deep washes. Broken bows and arrows are thrown in after the body. A pony is killed and away rides the spirit of the departed to

the happy hunting grounds.

The Paeblos of New Mexico bury their dead horizontally in the grave and their dead horizontally in the grave and level it with the ground, so that you cannot find it. They paint the body and put ornaments in the grave, and also food to feed the departed on his journey. A wake, with lighted candles, followed by a supper, precedes the bur-ial. The Pueblos howl over the body. mourn for one year, have high mass said for the rapose of the soul and are hap-py. The Wichita Indians of the tattooed eyelids cry the town at a death, ride the corpse to the grave on a pony, build a palisade of poles round the grave and shave off the grass within. The relatives do not as a rule go to the grave. The Caddoes or Timber Indians cave their dead, if killed in battle, to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey. Outside of this instance they follow the

foregoing custom. The Parsee towers of silence on Malabar hill, filled with dead and crowned with a circle of living vultures, waiting to glut their greed upon the bodies below, are a type of this. They have in a rude way their followers among the Indians, though the exceptions are few. The Trinity and Klamath Indians of the Northwest coast bury in grave with a circular stone coping, on hich the birds sit.

Black Bird, the great war chief of the Omahas, at his own request was buried on the top of a high hill, togged out in all his plumed finery and seated astride the back of his living snow-white steed Gradually the turfs were heaped around the limps and flanks of the animal, covering him all over the body as they rose higher and higher, till at last only out of the mound for a last t when with a single large turf the smooth mound closed over forever and not a struggle beneath its smooth surface told the story of the living steed that

lay folded beneath it. There is still another form of burial. It is aquatic burial. The Karague bury their common people by sinking their bodies in a stream. Sometimes a canoe is turned adrift on a stream or over a fall. Niagara has seen many such funeral both of the dead and of the living. There are a few very de-prayed tribes who cat their dead and thus become living sepulchres entomized

Posts, with Indian characters graved on them, are sometimes placed at the heads of graves, fires are kindled, dances are performed, sacrifices offered. feasts made and gambling indulged in with plum stones, characteristically marked. The superstitions indulged in are as sadly grotesque and as cruelly imperious as the ignorance of the primitive race can make them.

The Indian dreads death. He will take no open or even bhances for his life until he is certain that he has yourn first. He is always armed. An Indian without his gun is a dead Indian.

Such are the various mortuary customs of the Indian country.

All this the pine tree told me as it sang its lullaby in the husbed up valley around that little grave. For be it remembered that whatever be the mode of burial, in some mysterious way of embalming, or strewing, or staving, or forking, or posting, or neaffold-ing, or picketing, or tree burial, in some way the pine tree plays its part. The shades of the dend ghost in its hearsed sables, the plumes of the warrior toss on its tasseled tips, the medicine of the conjurer lurks in its legendary secrets, the mirsule of healing works in its brand scattering bal same, the voice of a sad, heart-broken neopie steals in its "Miscrere" on the still air and strangely whispers: "Mian-tonomeh was right."

There is a class of super-refined young ladies, if common report is to be trusted, who think it a mark of superior cultivation to have small and delicate appearance. tites. A Pennsylvania exchange has heard of one.

"Do you think you could cat a bit of

the turkey?" said a gentleman to his cousin, a young woman from the city "Why, yes; but just a small piece He started to trim off a delicate mor-

sel, and asked: "Is there any part you especialty like? 'Oh, no, I'm not particular," and she looked demurely at her knife and fork. Just give me a wing and a leg and a few slices off the breast, with a portion of the gizzard and a spoonful of dress-

ing. I can reach the regetables my-

self."-- Youth's Companion

"I know what I'm going to give pa this Christmas," said Arabella. What, my dear?" asked her mother "A nice woolen comforter It will be lovely to wone when Ned comes to

take me tobogganing."

Jones - Did you hang up your elections this Christman's

Brown (who has many friends etc., a provide for) - No; I hang up my